

# The Over Bored NEWS



USS LEJEUNE  
*Enroute Home*

SOUVENIR EDITION - JUNE 26, 1945



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This souvenir edition is passed by censor and is intended expressly for a keepsake and the folks back home.

Along with this, our last edition the staff wishes to thank everyone for their aid and courtesies in the ordeal of publishing the Over-Bored News. Orchids to the "Skipper of the Ship", Captain F. W. MacDonald for a good "steer" and comfortable voyage and certainly not to be over-looked our thanks to the Transportation Corps Officers and EM, who were thoughtful of our needs and who worked hard to make our trip a pleasant one, and assured publication of this paper. Good luck to all of you and pleasant days at home.

### Homecoming

What are they thinking of  
These men in khaki,  
As they look out across  
the sea?

A wife. A youngster-  
Perhaps, as yet unseen.  
A girl. The girl! One's folks  
Still tense from the telegram.

A steak dinner or a deviled crab,  
Chicken chow mein, ravioli Caruso  
or New Orleans fried shrimp.

A trout stream in Wisconsin,  
A beach in Virginia,  
Or an apartment in Manhattan.

Lazy mornings between white sheets  
In a familiar bed. Moonlight nights  
With no thoughts of reveille.

They see more than sea and foam,  
Sky and horizon  
These men in khaki  
As they look out  
Across the sea.

M. Christopher

# USS Lejeune

For you fellows who are wondering a little about the ship you are on... here's a little poop on her.... Constructed during 1936-37 as the German luxury liner "Windhuk", the ship first appeared in a news story when it got a line during the famous battle between the Graf Spee and the British Navy. The article said that the "Windhuk" had given up at Santos, Brazil. It was at the time serving as a supply ship for the Graf Spee and a pack of U-Boats, which had been lurking in South American waters. Previously she had served as a raider. Prior to the war she was the crack liner of the Deutsch-Afrika Line, making the run between Hamburg and Cape Town. Before giving her up, the Nazis filled the turbines with cement, smashed the pumps and sabotaged all moving equipment. The U. S. government purchased her from Brazil and converted her into a troop transport, renaming her the Lejeune after Major General John A. Lejeune, the only Marine officer to command an army division. The General was CG of the Second Division during the 1st World War. He had served as Commandant of the Marine Corps from June 1920 to October 1929. The ship is over 500 feet long, and is a shade over the 19,000 ton mark.

### RECONVERSION

When the bugles sound their final note  
And bombs explode no more  
When we return to what we did  
Before we went to war

The sudden shift in status  
In the ladder of success

Might make some worthy gentleman  
Feel like an awful mess

Just think of some poor Captain  
Minus his silver bars

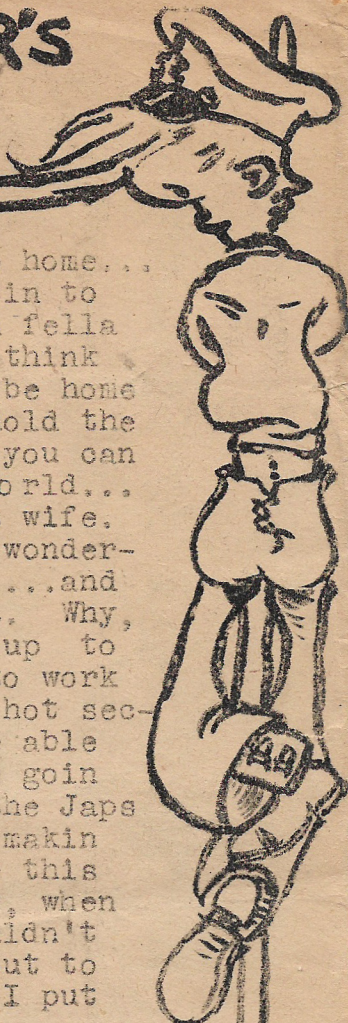
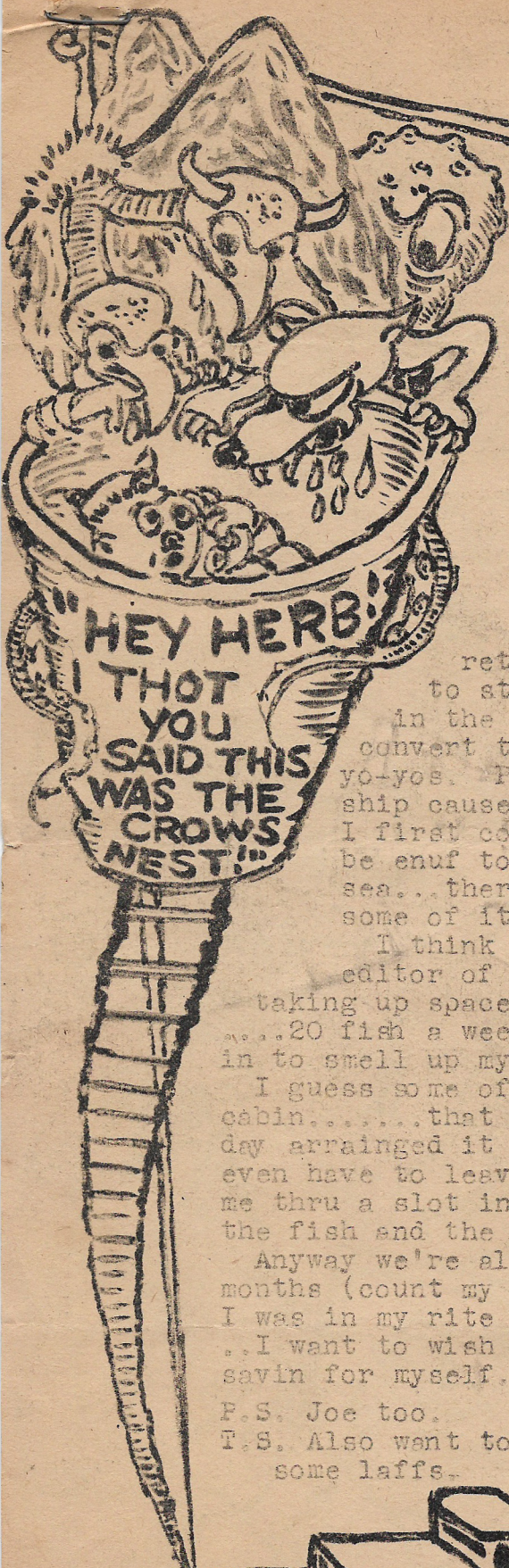
Standing behind a counter  
Selling peanuts and cigars

And think of all the Majors  
With their oak leaves far behind

(Contd on page 6)



# HERB SHRINER'S BILGE



H'lo....

Well, we must be purty close to home... I notice the officers are startin to treat us human agin. It makes a fella kinda excited when you stop to think that in jesta few meals you'll be home agin. Back where a fella can hold the girl of his dreams, back where you can see the purtiest woman in the world... in fact, he can even go see his wife. And you'll be able to git that wonderful ole car out of the garage....and push it around town on the rims. Why, you'll even be able to go back up to the ole office where you used to work and sweat day after day over a hot secretary. Fact is, you might even be able

to stay home fer good..way things are goin in the Pacific, it won't be long fore the Japs convert their airplane factories back to makin yo-yos. Personally, I kinda hate to leave this ship cause the food is good..funny part is, when I first come board I was worried there wouldn't be enuf to eat..Heck...soon as we pulled out to sea...there was food all over the boat. I put some of it there myself.

I think the best part of the trip was when the editor of the paper told me he was gonna pay me fer taking up space in this newspaper. It pays purty good too ....20 fish a week. The trouble is that the fish are beginin to smell up my cabin. That's the halibut.

I guess some of you folks wonder how I happend to have a cabin.....that major I mentioned in the paper the other day arraigned it fer me. And it's a swell room too...don't even have to leave it fer my meals either, they shove em to me thru a slot in the door. It's very private, jest me and the fish and the rats....whoops...there I go agin.

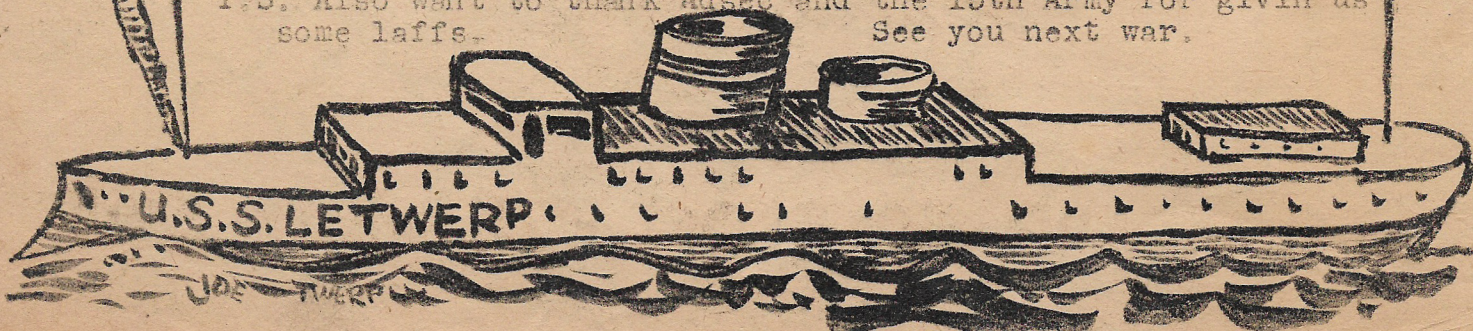
Anyway we're almost home and I'm glad to say that after 19 months (count my stripes) overseas, I'm jest as happy as I was in my rite mind. Well, to git serious for a minute...I want to wish everybody on board all the good luck I was savin for myself.

P.S. Joe too.

Youre friend

T.S. Also want to thank Adsec and the 15th Army for givin us some laffs.

See you next war.





# TWERPAC



JOE  
TWERPAC



TO ALL PASSENGERS ABOARD THIS SHIP

The Captain, officers and men of the USS LEJEUNE are happy that they have had the privilege of transporting another group of Army officers and men on a portion of their journey from Europe to their homes and friends. We know that your relatives and friends are eagerly awaiting your return and that they are anxious to give you the warm homecoming you so richly deserve.

All hands appreciate your cooperation and patience while on board.

Wherever your future duties may lead you, we wish you "Good Luck" and "God Speed".

*F. W. MacDonald*  
F. W. MACDONALD  
Captain, USN

We, of the Army staff assigned to the Lejeune, hope that you have enjoyed your trip, although the crowded conditions have deprived you of some of the comforts of the trip.

You will deserve the glorious sensation of being home again, knowing that your respective organization played a very important part in our great victory over Germany.

The best of luck to you who may be assigned to combat zones in the Pacific.

To the officer in command of troops, Colonel Lee and his excellent staff, the newspaper staff, all the entertainers, and all the other units including the representatives of our fine American women, the Army Nurse Corps, all officers and enlisted men who faithfully performed their duties aboard this ship, we sincerely thank you.

For you we extend to Capt. MacDonald, his efficient officers and crew, your sincere thanks for their fine cooperation in giving you good food, a clean ship, and all the efforts they have made to make your trip as pleasant as possible.

*Earl W. Shaw*  
EARL W. SHAW  
Lt Col, T. C.  
Army Transportation Officer



And the uniforms they are wearing  
Are the Western Union kind.

Shed a tear for some poor Colonel  
If he doesn't feel himself

Jerking sodas isn't easy  
When your eagles are on the shelf

'Tis a bitter pill to swallow

'Tis a matter of despair

Being messengers and clerks again  
A mighty cross to bear

So be kind to working people

That you meet where'er you go

For the guy that's washing dishes

May be your old U.C.

Contributed by Lt. Col. Shaw

## ☆ TROOP MOVEMENTS ☆

Long awaited, oft rumored, finally here, embarkation day...a brief respite for thoughts of home and paths that led us to the heart of the Reich...The cold day we walked up the gang plank of the ship headed for England...A last glimpse of the Grand Old Lady of the Harbor...and finally "Any goom, choom"...the neat service girls and the evergreen countryside and then one spring day it happened...the Yanks had smashed onto the beaches of Normandy...we waded in at Omaha and the chalky cliffs made you wonder how many of our "doughs" failed to scale them...Isigny and our first night under the whining 88s...our first ride thru the broken towns "Death is here, death is there, death is busy everywhere" seemed so true...St Mette Eglise, Carentan, St Lo...with their battered church spires which seemed to be appealing to the God above for help...our race across France and the first glimpse of the City of Light and its Eiffel Tower...then Bastogne...the snow covered Ardennes and one morning rudely awakened to hear that the Hun was coming our way and one's thoughts drifted to another Christmas, when we serenaded with Carols instead of artillery...Our first sight of the tank traps and our utter contempt of the ragged, homeless enemy who tried to cling to us as we rolled thru their towns...Sacred soil...hell, any soil in good old Flatbush was better than this...Wagner's Rhine..."The Rhine, the Rhine, who will be guardian of the Rhine"...well we showed them who...the first sight of the beautiful Thuringian Mountains and the peaceful countryside made us wonder if there really was a war on....the constant moving..and then rumors of peace...the bluebirds sang and "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace"...and now we were going home....but something will always remain there, our comrades who not so long ago threaded the same paths we did.

Joe Kaliff



"Just think--30 days of manpower shortage....."